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applied

DON'T STAY LATE TO-NIGHT.

The heart of home is beaming
With rays of rosy light,
And lovely eyes are gleaming,
As fall the shades of night,
And while thy steps are leaving,
The circle pure and bright,
A tender voice half sighing,
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world in which thou movest
Is busy, brave and wide,
The world of whom thou lovest
Is at the single side,
She waits for the warm greeting,
Thy smile as her delight,
Her gentle voice entreating,
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world, so cold, inhuman,
Will spurn thee, thou poor man,
The love of one poor woman
Outlasts and shames them all,
Thy children will cling around thee,
Let fate be dark or bright,
At home no shaft will wound thee—
Then "Don't stay late to-night."

THE YELLOW MASK.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"He said I was born to be a lady," faltered the girl, still struggling to turn her face away, "and that I might make myself one if I would learn and be patient. He said that if he had all the noble ladies in Pisa to choose from on one side, and only little Nanina on the other, he would hold out his hand to me, and tell them, 'This shall be my wife.' He said love knew no difference of rank; and that if he was a nobleman and rich, it was all the more reason why he should please himself. He was so kind, that I thought my heart would burst while he was speaking, and my little sister liked him so, that she got upon his knee and kissed him. Even our dog, who growls at other strangers, stole to his side and licked his hand. Oh, Father Rocco! Father Rocco!" The tears burst out afresh, and the lovely head drooped once more, wearily, on the priest's knee.

Father Rocco smiled to himself, and waited to speak again till she was calmer.

"Supposing," he resumed, after some minutes of silence, "supposing Signor Fabio really meant all he said to you—"

Nanina started up, and confronted the priest boldly for the first time since he had entered the room.

"Supposing!" she exclaimed, her cheeks beginning to redden and her dark-blue eyes flashing suddenly through her tears. "Supposing! Father Rocco, Fabio would never deceive me. I would die here at your feet rather than doubt the least word he said to me."

The priest signed to her quietly to return to the stool. "I never suspected the child had so much spirit in her," he thought to himself.

"I would die," repeated Nanina, in a voice that began to falter now—"I would die rather than doubt him."

"I will not ask you to doubt him," said Father Rocco gently; "and I will believe in him myself as firmly as you do. Let us suppose, my child, that you have learned, patiently, all the many things of which you are now ignorant, and which it is necessary for a lady to know. Let us suppose that Signor Fabio has really violated all the laws that govern the people in his high station, and has taken you to him publicly as his wife. You would be happy then, Nanina; but would he? He has no father or mother to control him, it is true; but he has friends—many friends and intimates in his own rank—proud, heartless people, who know nothing of your worth and goodness, who hear of your low birth, would look on you and on your husband too, my child, with contempt. He has not your patience and fortitude. Think how bitter it would be for him to bear that contempt—to see you shunned by proud women, and carelessly pitied or patronized by insolent men. Yet all this, and more, he would have to endure, or else to quit the world he has taken you from his boyhood—the world he knows—born to live in. You love him, I know—"

Nanina's tears burst out afresh. "Oh, how dearly—how dearly!" she murmured.

"Yes, you love him dearly," continued the priest, "but would all your love compensate him for everything else that he must lose? It might at first; but there would come a time when the world would assert its influence over him again; when he would feel a want which you could not supply—a weariness which you could not solace. Think of his life then, and of yours. Think of the first day when the first secret doubt whether he had done rightly in marrying you would steal into his mind. We are not masters of all our impulses. The lightest spirits have their moments of irresistible depression; the bravest hearts are not always superior to doubt. My child, my child, the world is strong, and the pride of rank is rooted deep, and the human will is frail at best! Be warned! For your own sake and for Fabio's, be warned in time."

Nanina stretched out her hands toward the priest in despair.

"Oh, Father Rocco! Father Rocco!" she cried; "why did you not tell me this before?"

"Because, my child, I only knew of the necessity for telling you to-day. But it is not too late; it is never too late to do a good action. You love Fabio, Nanina? Will you prove that love by making a great sacrifice for his good?"

"I would die for his good!"

"Will you nobly cure him of a passion which will be his ruin, if not yours, by leaving Pisa to-morrow?"

"Leave Pisa!" exclaimed Nanina. Her face grew deadly pale; she rose and moved back a step or two from the priest.

"Listen to me," pursued Father Rocco. "I have heard you complain that you could not get regular employment at needlework. You shall have that employment if you will go with me—you and your little sister too, of course—to Florence to-morrow. I promised Fabio to go to the studio, began Nanina, affrightedly. 'I promised to go at ten o'clock. How can I—'"

She stopped suddenly, as if her breath were failing her.

"I myself will take you and your sister to Florence," said Father Rocco, without noticing the interruption. "I will place you under the care of a lady who will be as kind as a mother to you both. I will answer for your getting such work to do as will enable you to keep yourself honestly and independently; and I will undertake, if you do not like your life at Florence, to bring you back to Pisa after a lapse of three months only. Three months, Nanina. It is not a long exile."

"Fabiolo! Fabiolo!" cried the girl, sinking again on the seat, and hiding her face.

"It is for his good," said Father Rocco calmly; "for Fabio's good, remember."

"What would he think of me if I went away? Oh, if I had but learned to write! If I could only write Fabio a letter!"

"Am I not to be depended on to explain to him all that he ought to know?"

"How can I go away from him? Oh! Father Rocco, how can you ask me to go away from him?"

"I will ask you to do nothing hastily. I will leave you till to-morrow morning to decide. At nine o'clock I shall be in the street; and I will not even so much as enter this house, unless I know beforehand that you have resolved to follow my advice. Give me a sign from your window. If I see you wave your white mantilla out of it, I shall know that you have taken the noble resolution to see Fabio and to save yourself. I will say no more, my child; for, unless I am grievously mistaken in you, I have already said enough." He went out, leaving her still weeping bitterly.

Not far from the house he met La Biondella and the dog on their way back. The little girl stopped to report to him the safe delivery of her dinner-mats; but he passed on quickly with a nod and a smile. His interview with Nanina had left some influence behind it, which unfitted him just then for the occupation of talking to a child.

Half an hour before nine o'clock on the following morning Father Rocco set forth for the street in which Nanina lived. On his way thither he overtook a dog walking lazily a few paces ahead in the roadway, and saw at the same time an elegantly-dressed lady advancing toward him. The dog stopped suspiciously as she approached, and growled and showed his teeth when she passed him.

The lady, on her side, uttered an exclamation of disgust, but did not seem to be either alarmed or frightened by the animal's threatening attitude. Father Rocco looked after her with some curiosity as she walked by him. She was a handsome woman, and he admired her courage. "I know that growling brute well enough," he said to himself, "but who can the lady be?"

The dog was Scaramuccia, returning from one of his marauding expeditions. The lady was Brigida, on her way to Luca Lomi's studio.

Some minutes before nine o'clock the priest took his post in the street, opposite Nanina's window. It was open, but neither she nor her little sister appeared at it. He looked up anxiously at the church-clocks struck the hour; but there was no sign for a minute or so after they were all silent. "Is she hesitating still?" said Father Rocco to himself.

Just as the words passed his lips the white mantilla was waved out of the window.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

Even the master-stroke of replacing the treacherous Italian dressmaker by a French dressmaker, engaged direct from Paris, did not at first avail to elevate the great Grifoni establishment above the reach of minor calamities. Mademoiselle Virginie had not occupied her new situation at Pisa quite a week before she fell ill. All sorts of reports were circulated as to the cause of this illness; and the Demoiselle Grifoni herself was so far from suggesting that the health of the new forewoman had fallen a sacrifice to some nefarious practices of the chemical sort on the part of her rival in the trade. But, however the misfortune had been produced, it was a fact that Mademoiselle Grifoni was certainly very ill, and another fact that the doctor insisted on her being sent to the baths of Lucca as soon as she could be moved from her bed.

Fortunately for the Demoiselle Grifoni, the Frenchwoman had succeeded in producing three specimens of her art before her health broke down. They comprised the evening dress of yellow brocade silk, to which she had devoted herself on the morning at Pisa; a black cloak and hood of an entirely new shape; and an irresistibly fascinating dressing-gown, said to have been first brought into fashion by the princesses of the blood-royal of France. These articles of costume, on being exhibited in the show-room, electrified the ladies of Pisa; and orders from all sides flowed in immediately on the Grifoni establishment. They were, of course, easily executed by the inferior workwomen, from the specimen designs of the French dressmaker. So that the illness of Mademoiselle Virginie, though it meant a temporary inconvenience, was, after all, productive of no absolute loss.

Two months at the baths of Lucca restored the new forewoman to health. She returned to Pisa, and resumed her place in the private work-room. Once reestablished there, she discovered that an important change had taken place during her absence. Her friend and assistant, Brigida, had resigned her situation. All inquiries made of the Demoiselle Grifoni only elicited one answer: the missing workwoman had abruptly left her place at five minutes' warning, and had departed without confiding to any one what she thought of doing, or whether she intended to turn her steps.

Months elapsed; the new year came; but no explanatory letter arrived from Brigida. The spring season passed off, and with its accompaniments of dress-making and dress-buying, but still there was no news of her. The first anniversary of Mademoiselle Virginie's engagement with the Demoiselle Grifoni came around; and then at last a note arrived, stating that Brigida had returned to Pisa, and that if the French forewoman would send an answer, mentioning where her private lodgings were, she would visit her old friend that evening after business hours. The information was gladly enough given; and, punctually to the appointed time, Brigida arrived in Mademoiselle Virginie's little sitting-room.

Advancing with her usual indolent state, she sat on the Italian sofa, after her friend's health as coolly, and at down in the nearest chair as carelessly, as if they had not been separated for more than a few days. Mademoiselle Virginie laughed in her lively manner, and raised her mobile French eyebrows in sprightly astonishment.

"Well, Brigida!" she exclaimed, "they certainly did you no injustice when they nicknamed you 'Care-for-Nothing' in old Grifoni's work-room. I never have you been? Why have you never written to me?"

"I had nothing particular to write about; and besides, I always intended to come back to Pisa and see you," answered Brigida, leaning back luxuriously in her chair.

"But where have you been for nearly a whole year past? In Italy?"

"No; at Paris. You know I can sing—not very well; but I have a voice, and most Frenchwomen (excuse the impertinence) have a voice. I met with a friend, who got introduced to a manager; and I have been singing at the theatre—not the great parts, only the second. Your amiable countrywomen could not scream me down on the stage, but they intrigued against me successfully behind the scenes. In short, I quarrelled with our principal lady, quarrelled with the manager, quarrelled with my friend; and here I am back at Pisa, with a little money saved in my pocket, and no great notion what I am to do next."

"Back at Pisa! Why did you leave it?"

Brigida's eyes began to lose their usual expression. She sat up suddenly in her chair, and set one of her hands heavily on a little table by her side.

"Why?" she repeated. "Because, when I find the game going against me I prefer giving it up at once to waiting to be beaten."

"Ah! you refer to that last year's project of yours for making your fortune among the sculptors? I should like to hear how it was failed with the wealthy young amateur. Remember to me, I tell you, before you had any news to give me. Your absence when I returned from Lucca, and almost immediately afterward, the marriage of your intended conquest to the sculptor's daughter, proved to me, of course, that you must have failed. But I never heard how. I know nothing at this moment but the bare fact that Maddalena Lomi won the prize."

"Tell me first, do she and her husband live together happily?"

"There are no stories of their disagreeing. She has dresses, horses, carriages, a negro page, the smallest lap-dog in Italy—in short, all the luxuries that a woman can want; and a child, by-the-by, into the bargain."

"A child?"

"Yes; a child, born little more than a week ago."

"Not a boy, I hope?"

"No; a girl."

"I am glad of that. Those rich people always want the first-born to be an heir. They will both be disappointed. I am glad of that."

"Mercy on us, Brigida, how fierce you look!"

"Do? It's likely enough. I hate Fabio d'Ascoli and Maddalena Lomi—singly as man and woman, doubly as man and wife. Stop! I'll tell you what you want to know directly. Only answer me another question or two first. Have you heard anything about her health?"

"How should I hear? Dressmakers can't inquire at the doors of the nobility."

"True. Now one last question. That little simpleton, Nanina?"

"I have never seen or heard anything of her. She can't be at Pisa, or she would have called at our place for work."

"Ah! I need not have asked about her! I had thought the moment before that Father Rocco would be sure to keep her out of Fabio's sight, for his niece's sake."

"What, he really loved that 'thread-paper of a girl,' as you called her?"

"Better than fifty such wives as he has got now! I was in the studio the morning he was told of her departure from Pisa. A letter was privately given to him, telling him that the girl had left the place out of a feeling of honor, and had hidden herself beyond the possibility of discovery, to prevent him from compromising himself with all his friends by marrying her. Naturally enough, he would not believe that this was her own doing; and, naturally enough, also, when Father Rocco was sent for, and was not to be found, he suspected the priest of being at the bottom of the business. I never saw a man in such a fury of despair and rage before. He swore that he would have all Italy searched for the girl, that he would be the death of the priest, and that he would never enter Luca Lomi's studio again."

"And as to this last particular, of course, being a man, he failed to keep his word."

"Of course. At that first visit of mine to the studio I discovered two things. The first, as I said, was that Fabio was really in love with the girl; the second, that Maddalena Lomi was really in love with him. You may suppose I looked at her attentively while the disturbance was going on, and while nobody's notice was directed to me. All women are vain, I know, but vanity never blinded my eyes. I saw directly that I had but one superiority over her—my figure. She was my height, but not well made. She had hair as dark and as glossy as mine; eyes as bright and as black as mine; and the rest of her face better than mine. My nose is coarse, my lips are too thick, and my upper lip overhangs my under too far. She had none of those personal faults; and, as for capacity, she managed the young fool in his passion as well as I could have managed him in her place."

"How?"

"She stood silent, with downcast eyes and a distressed look, all the time he was raving up and down the studio. She must have hated the girl, and been rejoiced at her disappearance; but she never showed it. 'You would be an awkward rival!' I thought to myself, 'even to a handsome woman than I am.' However, I determined not to despair too soon, and made up my mind to follow my plan just as if the accident of the girl's disappearance had never occurred. I smoothed down the master-sculptor easily enough—flattering him about his reputation, assuring him that the works of Luca Lomi had been the objects of my admiration since childhood, telling him that I had heard of his difficulty in finding a model to complete his Minerva from, and offering myself (if he thought me worthy) for the honor—laying great stress on that word—for the honor of sitting to him. I don't know whether he was altogether deceived by what I told him, but he was sharp enough to see that I really could be of use, and he accepted my offer with a profusion of compliments. We parted, having arranged that I was to give him a first sitting in a week's time."

"Why put it off so long?"

"To allow our young gentleman time to cool down and return to the studio, to be sure. What was the use of my being there while he was away?"

"Yes, yes—I forgot. And how long was it before he came back?"

"I had allowed him more time than enough. When I had given my sitting I saw him in the studio, and heard it was his second visit there since the day of the girl's disappearance. Those very violent men are always changeable and irresolute."

"Had he made no attempt, then, to discover Nanina?"

"Oh, yes! He had searched for her himself, and had set others searching for her, but to no purpose. Four days of perpetual disappointment had been enough to bring him to his senses. Luca Lomi had written him a peace-making letter, asking what harm he or his daughter had done, even supposing Father Rocco was to blame. Maddalena Lomi had met him in the street, and had looked resignedly away from him, as if she expected him to pass her. In short, they had awakened his sense of justice and his good nature (you see, I can impartially give him his due), and they had got him back. He was silent and sentimental enough at first, and shockingly sulky and savage with the priest."

"I wonder Father Rocco ventured within his reach."

"Father Rocco is not a man to be daunted or defeated by anybody. I can tell you. The same day on which Fabio came back to the studio, he returned to it. Beyond boldly declaring that he thought Nanina had done quite right, and had acted like a good and virtuous girl, he would say nothing about her or her disappearance. It was quite useless to ask him questions; he denied that any one had a right to put them. Threatening, entangling, deterring, all modes of appeal were thrown away on him. Ah! my dear! depend upon it, the cleverest and politest man in Pisa, the most dangerous to an enemy and the most delightful to a friend, is Father Rocco. The rest of them, when I began to play my cards a little too openly, behaved with brutal rudeness to me."

Father Rocco, from first to last, treated me like a lady. Sincere or not, I don't care—he treated me like a lady when he truly loved him, and had been the only one who had not been hot about it now. Tell me instead how you made your first approaches to the young gentleman whom you talk of so contemptuously as Fabio."

"As it turned out, in the worst possible way. First, of course, I made sure of interesting him in me by telling him that I had known Nanina. So far it was all well enough. My next object was to persuade him that I could never have gone away if he had truly loved him, and that he must have had some fortunate rival in her own rank of life, to whom she had sacrificed him, after gratifying her vanity for a time by bringing a young nobleman to her feet. I had, as you will easily imagine, difficulty enough in making him take this view of her, and I thought the moment before that Father Rocco would be sure to keep her out of Fabio's sight, for his niece's sake."

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While the Marchesa Melani was making inquiries at the gate of the palace, Fabio was sitting alone in the apartment which his wife usually occupied when she was in health. It was her favorite room, and he had been sitting there, with his own desire, with hangings in yellow satin and furniture of the same color. Fabio was now waiting in it, to hear the report of the doctors after their evening visit.

Although Maddalena Lomi had not been his first love, and although he had married her under circumstances which are generally and rightly considered to afford few chances of lasting happiness in wedded life, still they had lived together through the one year of their union tranquilly, if not fondly. She had molded herself wisely to his peculiar humors, had made the most of his easy disposition, and when her quick temper had got the better of her, had seldom hesitated in her cooler moments to acknowledge that she had been wrong. She had been extravagant, it is true, and had irritated him by fits of unreasonable jealousy; but these were faults not to be thought of now. He could only remember that she was the mother of his child, and that she lay ill but two rooms away from him—dangerously ill, as the doctors had unwillingly confessed on that very day.

The darkness was closing in upon him, and he took up his hand-bell to ring for lights. When the servant entered there was genuine sorrow in his face, genuine anxiety in his voice, as he inquired for news from the sick-room. The man only answered that his mistress was still asleep, and then withdrew, after first leaving a sealed letter on the table by his master's side. Fabio summoned him back into the room, and asked when the letter had arrived. He replied that it had been delivered at the palace two days since, and that he had observed it lying unopened on a desk in his master's study. Left alone again, Fabio remembered that the letter had arrived at a time when the first dangerous symptoms of his wife's illness had declared themselves, and that he had thrown it aside, after observing the address to him. In his present state of suspense, any occupation was better than sitting idle. So he took up the letter with a sigh, broke the seal, and turned inquiringly to the name signed at the end.

It was "NANINA."

He started, and changed color. "A letter from her," he whispered to himself. "Why does it come at such a time as this?"

His face grew paler, and the light trembled in his fingers. Those superstitious feelings which he had ascribed to the nursery influences of his childhood, when Father Rocco had told him with them in the studio, were now to be overcoming him now. He trembled, and listened anxiously in the direction of his wife's room, but the letter was still there. Was its arrival

on their behaving with decent civility toward me, and he was afraid of me, and he was afraid of the notion of his trying to frighten me. That was the necessity of keeping to my plan, almost suffocated me. I turned round to leave the place for ever, when, who should I see, standing close behind me, but Father Rocco. He must have discovered in my face that I knew all, but he took no notice of it. He only asked, in his usual quiet, polite way, if I was looking for anything I had lost, and if he could help me. I managed to thank him, and to get to the door. He opened it for me respectfully, and bowed; he treated me like a lady to the last! It was evening when I left the studio in that way. The next morning I threw up my situation, and turned my back on Pisa. Now you know everything."

"Did you hear of the marriage? or did you only assume from what you knew that it would take place?"

"I heard of it six months ago. A man came to sing in the chorus at our theatre who had been employed some time before at the grand concert given on the occasion of the marriage. But let us drop the subject now. I am in a feverish way with talking of it. You are in a bad situation here, my dear; I declare your room is almost stifling."

"Shall I open the other window?"

"No; let us go out and get a breath of air by the river-side. Come! take your hood and fan; it is getting dark; nobody will see us, and we can come back here, if you like, in half an hour."

Mademoiselle Virginie acceded to her friend's wish reluctantly. They walked toward the river. The sun was down, and the sudden night of Italy was gathering fast. Although Brigida did not say another word on the subject of Fabio or his wife, she led the way to the bank of the Arno, on which the young nobleman's palace stood.

Just as they got near the great door of entrance, a sedan-chair, approaching in the opposite direction, was set down before it, and a form, after a moment's conference with a lady inside the chair, advanced to the porter's lodge in the courtyard. Leaving her friend to go on, Brigida slipped in after the servant by the open wicket, and coasted her way, and had a moment's glimpse of the shadow cast by the great closed gates.

"The Marchesa Melani, to inquire how the Countess d'Ascoli and the infant are this evening," said the footman.

"My mistress has not changed at all for the better since the morning," answered the porter. "The child is doing quite well."

The footman went back to the sedan-chair; then returned to the porter's lodge.

"The Marchesa desires me to ask if fresh medical advice has been sent for," he said.

"Another doctor has arrived from Florence to-day," replied the porter. Mademoiselle Virginie, missing her friend suddenly, turned back toward the palace, and saw her sister, who was rather surprised to see Brigida slip out of the wicket-gate. There were two oil lamps burning on pillars outside the doorway, and their light, glancing on the Italian's face, as she passed under them, showed that she was smiling.

CHAPTER II.

While the Marchesa Melani was making inquiries at the gate of the palace, Fabio was sitting alone in the apartment which his wife usually occupied when she was in health. It was her favorite room, and he had been sitting there, with his own desire, with hangings in yellow satin and furniture of the same color. Fabio was now waiting in it, to hear the report of the doctors after their evening visit.

Although Maddalena Lomi had not been his first love, and although he had married her under circumstances which are generally and rightly considered to afford few chances of lasting happiness in wedded life, still they had lived together through the one year of their union tranquilly, if not fondly. She had molded herself wisely to his peculiar humors, had made the most of his easy disposition, and when her quick temper had got the better of her, had seldom hesitated in her cooler moments to acknowledge that she had been wrong. She had been extravagant, it is true, and had irritated him by fits of unreasonable jealousy; but these were faults not to be thought of now. He could only remember that she was the mother of his child, and that she lay ill but two rooms away from him—dangerously ill, as the doctors had unwillingly confessed on that very day.

The darkness was closing in upon him, and he took up his hand-bell to ring for lights. When the servant entered there was genuine sorrow in his face, genuine anxiety in his voice, as he inquired for news from the sick-room. The man only answered that his mistress was still asleep, and then withdrew, after first leaving a sealed letter on the table by his master's side. Fabio summoned him back into the room, and asked when the letter had arrived. He replied that it had been delivered at the palace two days since, and that he had observed it lying unopened on a desk in his master's study. Left alone again, Fabio remembered that the letter had arrived at a time when the first dangerous symptoms of his wife's illness had declared themselves, and that he had thrown it aside, after observing the address to him. In his present state of suspense, any occupation was better than sitting idle. So he took up the letter with a sigh, broke the seal, and turned inquiringly to the name signed at the end.

It was "NANINA."

He started, and changed color. "A letter from her," he whispered to himself. "Why does it come at such a time as this?"

His face grew paler, and the light trembled in his fingers. Those superstitious feelings which he had ascribed to the nursery influences of his childhood, when Father Rocco had told him with them in the studio, were now to be overcoming him now. He trembled, and listened anxiously in the direction of his wife's room, but the letter was still there. Was its arrival

on their behaving with decent civility toward me, and he was afraid of me, and he was afraid of the notion of his trying to frighten me. That was the necessity of keeping to my plan, almost suffocated me. I turned round to leave the place for ever, when, who should I see, standing close behind me, but Father Rocco. He must have discovered in my face that I knew all, but he took no notice of it. He only asked, in his usual quiet, polite way, if I was looking for anything I had lost, and if he could help me. I managed to thank him, and to get to the door. He opened it for me respectfully, and bowed; he treated me like a lady to the last! It was evening when I left the studio in that way. The next morning I threw up my situation, and turned my back on Pisa. Now you know everything."

"Did you hear of the marriage? or did you only assume from what you knew that it would take place?"

"I heard of it six months ago. A man came to sing in the chorus at our theatre who had been employed some time before at the grand concert given on the occasion of the

"Simpleton! Did you not say that he was in love with her (as you term it), and that he got no encouragement?"

"Yes, I said that, and I know it to be true."

"Well! Was it not his interest, being unable to make any impression on the girl's fancy, to establish some claim to her gratitude, and try if he could not win her that way? By showing her my letters, he would make her indebted to him for knowing that she was watched in your house. But this is not the matter in question now. You say you infer that she had seen my letters. On what grounds?"

"On the strength of this bit of paper," answered the little man, ruefully producing a note from his pocket. "She must have had your letters shown to her soon after putting her own letter into the post. For, on the evening of the same day, when I went up into her room, I found that she and her sister and the disagreeable dog had all gone, and observed this note laid on the table."

Father Rocco took the note, and read these lines:

"I have just discovered that I have been watched and suspected ever since my stay under your roof. It is impossible that I can remain another night in the house of a spy. I go with my sister. We owe you nothing, and we are free to live honestly where we please. If you see Father Rocco, tell him that I can never forget it. I, who had full faith in him, had a right to expect that he should have full faith in me. It was always an encouragement to me to think of him as a father and a friend. I have lost that encouragement for ever—and it was the last I had left to me! NANNY."

The priest rose from his seat as he handed the note back, and the visitor immediately followed his example.

"We must remedy this misfortune as we best may," he said, with a sigh. "Are you ready to go back to Florence to-morrow?"

The little man bowed again.

"Find out where she is, and ascertain if she wants for anything, and if she is living in a safe place. Say nothing about me, and make no attempt to induce her to return to your house. Simply let me know what you discover. The poor child has a spirit that no ordinary people would suspect in her. She must be soothed and treated tenderly, and we shall manage her yet. No mistakes, mind, this time! Do just what I tell you, and do no more. Have you anything else to say to me?"

The little man shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"Good night, then," said the priest.

"Good night," said the little man, slipping through the door that was held open for him with the politest alacrity.

"This is vexatious," said Father Rocco, taking a turn or two in the study after his visitor had gone. "It was due to have done the child an injustice, it is worse to have been found out. There is nothing for it now but to wait till I can see her. I like her, and I like that she is left behind her. It is bravely, delicately, and honestly written. A good girl, a very good girl indeed!"

He walked to the window, breathed the fresh air for a few moments, and quietly dismissed the subject from his mind. When he returned to his table he had no thoughts for any one but his sick niece.

"It seems strange," he said, "that I have had no news about her yet. Perhaps Luca has heard something. It may be well if I go to the studio at once to find out."

"I am sent to summon you to the palace," said the man. "The doctors have given up all hope."

Father Rocco turned deadly pale, and drew back a step. "Have you told my brother of this?" he asked.

"I was just on my way to the studio," answered the servant.

"I will go there instead of you, and break the bad news to him," said the priest.

They descended the stairs in silence. Just as they were about to separate at the street door, Father Rocco stopped the servant.

"How is the child?" he asked, with such sudden eagerness and impatience that the man looked quite startled as he answered that the child was perfectly well.

"There is some consolation in that," said Father Rocco, walking away, and speaking partly to himself and partly to the servant. "My caution has misled me," he continued, pausing thoughtfully when he was left alone in the roadway. "I should have risked using the mother's influence sooner to procure the righteous restitution. All hope of compassing it now rests on the life of the child. Infant as she is, her father's ill-gotten wealth may yet be gathered back to the church by her hands."

He proceeded rapidly on his way to the studio, until he reached the river and drew close to the bridge which it was necessary to cross in order to get to his brother's house. Here he stopped abruptly, as if struck by a sudden idea. The moon had just risen, and her light streaming across the river fell full upon his face as he stood by the parapet wall that led up to the bridge. He was so lost in thought that he did not hear the conversation of two ladies who were advancing along the pathway close behind him. As they brushed by him, the taller of the two turned round and looked back at his face.

[To be continued.]

For General Debility, Dyspepsia and Female Complaints, Oliver's Kaffee Water is an excellent remedy. This water has been used with the greatest success in Europe, for the above diseases, and we would advise any of our readers who may be suffering, to give it a trial. A wineglassful of dose. For sale by all druggists.

It is strange so many people will continue to suffer day after day with dyspepsia, liver complaint, consumption, sour stomach, and general debility when they can procure at our store SHILOH'S VITALIZER, free of cost if it does not cure or relieve them. Price, 75 cents. Sold by Dredger & Bro.

"GETS MAD AWFUL EASY."

That is the Only Difference Noticed by a Wife Whose Husband Had Part of His Brain Cut Out Some Weeks Ago, and Now Fell Recovered.

Five weeks ago today a Bohemian named Gustav Drabrant fell with a curious accident, the result of which was that his skull was fractured, a portion of the brain lacerated and afterwards removed, his nose pretty well demolished, two ribs broken and his body badly bruised. Two days ago he resumed work, and considers himself well, though not strong. The remarkable recovery of the man after the loss of a portion of the brain, and the retention of all his faculties still in their normal condition, make this one of the most curious cases on record.

Drabrant was employed in the establishment of the Northwestern Fertilizer Company, located on Forty-fourth street, and in the vicinity of the stock yards packing houses. He had ascended to a horizontal shaft about sixteen feet above the floor, for the purpose of oiling it. He walked along a temporary scaffolding near the shaft, and reached his left hand over it, and in doing so the sleeve of his shirt

CAUGHT IN A PROJECTING SCREW, or bolt. The shaft was whirling about at the rate of 300 revolutions per minute, and Drabrant, of course, went with it. How long he was carried around the shaft he does not know, as he became senseless. It could not have been many seconds, however, as his clothing was literally torn to shreds and he was hurled to the floor naked, with the exception of his boots. The concussion against the floor aroused him momentarily, and he remembers that he started to his feet, but again fell senseless. Others in the building heard the fall and rushed into the room to find Drabrant.

HELPLESS AND UNCONSCIOUS.

A messenger was dispatched for a physician, but he was not able to find one until he reached the office of Dr. F. J. Crane, at No. 1493 South Halsted street. Dr. Crane hastened to the scene, but did not reach the place until two hours after the accident, and just as the injured man's associates were about to place him in a carriage to be sent home. He was returning to consciousness, but the doctor insisted on making an examination. He found the skull crushed in on the left side of his head and just above the ear, and the brain protruding. The cut in the scalp was about five inches in length and irregular in shape. The temporal bone was broken into several pieces, and the portion of the brain protruding seemed to have been pushed out as if by the bolt which caught his sleeve. It was still held at one end to the brain mass, and was about the shape and size of a man's index finger. The doctor saw that it was so mangled it would be utterly useless to attempt to replace it.

HE CLIPPED IT OFF

and removed the broken pieces of the skull, including a wing of the sphenoid bone on that side of the head. The exposed portion of the brain was dressed, and fortunately there was no hemorrhage from it. Three facial arteries had to be ligatured, and some portions of the nasal bones had to be removed. At the man's home his ribs were set and his wounds more carefully dressed. On the fourth day the brain had healed sufficiently to warrant no further anxiety about its condition. On the seventh day erysipelas set in, and came near ending the man's life, but he rallied from this attack. On the fourteenth day the patient went out of the house, and two days later his physician was discharged. On Monday last he resumed his work as before stated.

A Times reporter saw Drabrant at his home, at No. 701 Hinman street, on last night, and questioned him closely to discover, if possible, any abnormal condition of mind or body, which would most certainly be expected from the loss of so much of the brain. He says he has retained full possession of all his faculties, and has never been disturbed by indications of paralysis or loss of senses, so far as he knows.

ATTACKED BY HEAT, HOWEVER, and at times is troubled by his "brain" seeming to get hot," as he terms it, and his head aches. His wife says that she has noticed nothing unusual in his actions except that "he gets mad awful easy now," whereas he was, before the accident, one of the kindest and mildest-tempered of men. He becomes vexed at the children and wants to whip them for the most trivial offenses. He has been perfectly rational in his talk and actions since from that, she says, except on one occasion. On Saturday he was at work in the basement of the house and became heated. Suddenly he rushed up stairs, out on the street and three blocks away as fast as he could go. He then stopped and walked back to the house, wondering how he got out. The man is forty-five years of age and has an iron constitution. There is now

A HOLE THROUGH HIS SKULL nearly the size of a silver quarter of a dollar, which the physician says will never be covered except by the scalp which has now healed over it. Drabrant is now foreman in the establishment of the company for which he works, and is allowed now to return and draw his salary without doing any heavy work.

The man's recovery is almost marvelous. Cases of a similar nature are said to be rare in which the patient is restored to unimpaired health. Doctor Crane gave constant attention to his patient, but he thinks that if Drabrant had been any other than a Bohemian—a race hard to kill—he could not have been rescued from death.

He is now in a Rat.

Miss Katy Coyne, of Summitville, N. Y., arrived at her home July 2d, suffering from a severe attack of cholera, the result of a rat bite. She was employed in the family of Theodore Coleman, in the town of Walkill. About

ten days ago she caught a rat in the pantry, and it bit her through the finger. The wound healed and caused her to be lame, but at length her hand began swelling, and lock-jaw set in. She was able to ride home on Wednesday, but she suffered considerable pain from nervous spasms that came over her. After her arrival home she grew worse and the Catholic priest at Ellenville was telegraphed to come and administer the last rites of the church.

A RURAL TRAGEDY.

Michael Sullivan Charged With Murdering His Daughter's Child.

During the forenoon of the 11th inst., Nellie, the daughter of Michael Sullivan, living on a farm at Springfield, Union county, Mrs. Olenson became very ill. Sullivan at once went for a physician, Dr. Jobs, and returned home in advance of the doctor. On discovering that his daughter had given birth to a child he took the infant, saying to his daughter, "Nellie, I will take it down stairs and wash it." Instead of doing this, he repaired to a cornfield some distance away where he buried the child face downward. Returning to the house he was confronted by the doctor who demanded to know where the babe was. Sullivan replied, "It died and I buried it." The doctor insisting on seeing the body, Sullivan finally conducted him to the spot and it was exhumed. When brought to the surface of the ground the doctor observed that the babe had several respirations as if gasping. The doctor carried to the house with the child where he used artificial means to restore life. He partially succeeded in this, the child living for fully half an hour before it expired. Sullivan was arrested and locked up in the county jail in this city, where he now is. At a post-mortem held the day following the deliverance of the babe, it was decided that death was produced by paralysis of the brain, caused by having been trampled upon after it was put under the ground. An inquest was held this afternoon at the town hall in Springfield, before James L. Currie, acting coroner. Drs. Terrill and Jobs testified to the facts as above stated. The daughter, Nellie, was sworn in and said the child was alive when her father took it from her ostensibly for the purpose of washing it. The jury, after a brief deliberation, rendered a verdict, which in substance was that the child was perfect and alive when born, and charged Michael Sullivan with having caused its death. Nellie, the unfortunate girl, is only fifteen years of age. Her mother is an inmate of the state lunatic asylum at Morristown, where she has been for several years. Who is the father of the murdered baby is not positively known, but several young men are suspected and will be arrested next week. The affair has produced intense excitement in the township where it occurred, and considerable indignation against Sullivan exists.

REACHED HIS DESTINATION.

The Wheelbarrow Lunatic Arrives at New York.

The wheelbarrow lunatic, who passed through here some time since, on his way to New York from San Francisco, has at last reached his destination. A New York paper, in speaking of the recent case, says: "One of the most remarkable walking feats ever achieved has just been accomplished by the plucky little Frenchman, Leon Peter Federmeier. On the 8th of December, 1878, Federmeier and one Lyman Potter were backed to go on foot wheeling wheelbarrows, from San Francisco to New York City. The wager was \$1,500. Federmeier arrived at Albany, N. Y., on the 17th day of June, where he was well received. It took him since then to reach this city. He arrived in New York this morning a few minutes after 5 o'clock, having accomplished the distance from San Francisco in seven months and sixteen days. He was never sick once during the journey. Accompanied by Mr. Wm. Carr, of 29 West Third street, he went to the city hall and made oath before Col. Prati, commissioner of deeds, of having accomplished the journey in the time stated and throughout entirely on foot.

Federmeier is forty-one years old, and was born in Lyons, France. He is a well-built, muscular man of medium height, and all bronzed from the sun. He looked hearty and in good spirits. His wheelbarrow weighed 133 pounds. At present he is stopping at the residence of Mr. Carr. He says he intends to perform some walking feats at Coney Island shortly.

Mad Anthony's Descendants.

[Washington Sunday Herald.] There are to-day living only four lineal descendants of Gen. Anthony J. Wayne, namely, one great grandson, two great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandson. Maj. William Wayne, the great-grandson, occupies and claims to possess a "wilderness" of the homestead, consisting of a very fertile land called "Chesler," lying in the county of Chester, Pa., which was taken by the general in the year 1724, and which has remained in the occupancy and possession of the family continuously from that time to this day. Along with this estate also came to him certain heirlooms, among which may be mentioned the Stony Point medal voted by congress the general's gold watch, dress sword, hostler pistols, coat, sash, order of the Cincinnati, etc., the existence of which may be interesting information to many about this time.

Sara Bernhardt on Morality.

[London Letter.] There are only a dozen words of English among as many members of the French troupe. Of these Sara monopolizes the following: "All right," "white-smith," "white mark," "white London sitting room Sara has a skull on the table. A friend of mine sent her a bouquet of flowers. When he called afterward she had thrown them away. The one socket of the skull, and the remainder of man's littleness and woman's unwomanliness. Mile. Bernhardt's advertising propensities do not stop short of the grave. She has two children, a son and a daughter, staying at home. Asked by an unsophisticated person where M. Bernhardt is, she said there is no M. Bernhardt. She could not tolerate such an encroachment.

A WOMAN WOOD-WORKER.

She Has Made All the Furniture in Her House, and Elegant Furniture Too.

[Chicago Times.] Not only does our great city lay claim to the boy with the tail, the champion ball tossers and the female cabinetmaker, but we have also a female cabinetmaker in our midst. Hearing of the lady, Mrs. Christine Olenson, a Times reporter proceeded to her residence, No. 503 North Halsted street. Mrs. Olenson and her husband occupy modest quarters and have a neat workshop adjacent to the house. The reporter found Mr. Olenson at home, but his wife had gone for a three weeks' visit among Iowa friends. The exterior of the house occupied by the couple is very plain and suggests nothing of the interior. Mrs. Olenson has completely furnished the house, and it is most magnificently done, too. The husband first escorted the scribe to the little parlor where nearly everything in the shape of furniture was made by his wife. Standing opposite the door is a very handsome organ, the case of which is finely finished in a variety of hard woods. Upon the case is a very lifelike bird in the act of seizing a cherry in its bill. On a front panel is an East-Indian, full-figured ship, under sail. The water, which is most excellently represented, is of a dark wood whose grain is wavy, and which is neatly joined to produce the desired effect. A secret staircase occupies the outside of the room and is constructed of three thousand pieces of water. The design is unique, and the manner in which a number of secret drawers are stowed away is something marvellous. The center-table is also of her construction and is very handsome. The corners, picture-frames, stools and chairs are all from the deft fingers of Mrs. Olenson. A magnificently carved bedstead graces their sleeping apartment, and other articles of minor importance are scattered about the rooms. Mrs. Olenson has manufactured nearly all her wooden tools and a greater part of her steel ones. She is thirty-six years old, tall and straight, fair, pleasant and determined. She was taught her trade by her father in the old country and puts it to the good use of furnishing her own house in a style that would be envied by the majority of people in much better circumstances in life.

"ROLLING OFF A LOG."

And a Woman Under Water.

"Don't gout on the log," screamed the masculine attendant, as one of the damsels walked out on the screening limb of an old dead tree, which lay diagonally with the bank.

"Why?" But she kept on going.

"It will turn with you!" shouted the gentleman, warningly.

"How can it?" and the line with a long sweep of the pole descended into the water.

Just then there was a slight oscillation of the log, two dainty feet swept from under a cloud of skirts, a sylph-like form bent gracefully to the treacherous flood, and, with a stifled scream, body and feet disappeared from view. But for a moment only. The next instant, like the twin extremities of a pair of scissors, two symmetrically modeled female continuations appeared above the surface, bobbed about for a second and then sank again. By this time the gentleman was in the water, and by good fortune contrived to get hold of one of the gaiter-clad feet, and was tugging away manfully in the direction of the bank. But the unfortunate lady seemed to be turned wrong side out, and dragged heavily like an inverted umbrella. But a landing was made at last, and the young lady, like a capsize vessel, was put right side up with care. As soon, however, as she regained her usual balance, she turned furiously upon her rescuer.

"You wretch! Why did you pull me out by the foot?"

"Because I couldn't get hold of any other part of you. You seemed to me to be all legs."

"Sir! How dare you?"

"I beg pardon; but really I did the best I could."

The subject was too delicate to continue, but it was evident the lady and her friends were excessively indignant. No apologies could conciliate them, and it was in a tone of inexpressible sorrow that he said in turning away: "The lady will get into the water again when you get into the water, I can't help it."

THE KHEDIVI'S HAREM.

Embarkation of the Ladies Who Accompany the Khedive to Cairo.

[From an Alexandria Letter.]

Most of the ladies wore suitable European traveling costumes, with light and elegant veils, or organdies for "pashmash"; but the organdies of different grades were the tarsha and khadra of the ordinary make. The khadra of beauty were as varied as the toilettes. Some of the ladies had hair and complexion as fair as those of English women. Others were of the Spanish type, with black hair and eyes. Except among the servants, none seemed over twenty-five years of age; but there pervaded them all a "less and vacant look, as of beings with no occupation or aim in life. All with nothing there was an incessant motion to and fro of boats with bag-hurrying household goods, until at 2 p. m. another larger portion of the second army. I counted nine barges on the shore and the boats were coming from six to eight women. Perhaps some of these did not go in the ship, but I saw no one who afterwards returned, in whom many were merely "helps," whose beauty was conspicuous by its absence. Then came Isma, Pasha's third wife. The fourth, the mother of Prince Tewfik, the present viceroy, of Egypt, was the last to be seen. The scenes at Cairo, near her son. The scenes at the Cairo railway station between those members of the harem who were going and those who were staying behind are said to have been heartrending, and it was with much difficulty the train could be started. Although their life is one of seclusion and confinement, they are accustomed

to every comfort, and I doubt if at Cairo any of the harem had the least idea of their future residence; and they knew that they were leaving their friends and surroundings to be landed in some strange country across the sea.

ITEMS ABOUT WOMEN.

Henry Ward Beecher says that women marry gods, and rarely consent to live with men, which is the mournful echo of many a woman's disappointed hope and heart.

Spiegelhaugen, whom many critics rank as the first of German novelists, says that woman is always true to her ideal until man destroys them by his selfishness and sensuality.

Gerome, the painter, is credited with the remark that young American women have the loveliest faces he has ever seen. He often walks along the boulevards of Paris, and drives in the Bois perpetually to admire them.

George Eliot is asserted to have made more money by her six principal novels than any woman living or dead. She got \$40,000 for "Middlemarch," and some \$30,000 for "Daniel Deronda." She is now sixty years old.

Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, who gave her name to semi-masculine attire which she herself adopted thirty years ago, is reported to be still living in Iowa, but has taken no active part in the woman's rights movement since her removal to the west.

Two of the best paid journalistic positions in New York city are filled by women, the editorships of a weekly and a monthly publication—the former by Miss Mary L. Booth, and the latter by Mrs. Mary Mages Dodge. Each is understood to receive \$5,000 a year.

Women are, in all enlightened countries, the keepers of the gates of society, and carry the keys to their proper person. Hence society, in its strictly social sense, always has been, and always must be, conventional. Society admits only those whose women approve.

The orthodox Israelites are sorely troubled at the recent marriage in Europe of a number of wealthy Jews to Christians. Many of the liberal Israelites openly advocate on the other hand the intermarriage of the members of the two religions, believing that mixture of the blood will be beneficial to both.

Heinrich Heine said that all literary women write with one eye on the page and the other on some man, except the Countess von Hahn-Hahn, who had but one eye, and that one, he supposed, must have been fixed on a man. It may be said, however, that she, of all her sex, had a single eye to literature.

A certain order of men, by no means conspicuous for rank or sensibility, are often heard to declare that they cannot enjoy the society of women because they are so frivolous. They should recall Michelet's dictum: "The folly of women is born of the stupidity of men." Doubtless the complainers get back what they give.

Balzac's renowned character, an incarnation of beauty and wickedness—Valerie Marneffe—is reported to have been a study from life. She was the widow of an army officer who had treated her badly, and she revenged herself for his cruelty on all the men she encountered. Tradition declares that she was nothing like so bad or so bewitching as the novelist has portrayed his heroine.

Woman's rights are not at all modern, as many people think. The movement, which has been so ridiculed by the newspapers here, was ridiculed in much the same way by Aristophanes, who flourished nearly 2,400 years ago. His comedy of the "Ecclesiazusae" outraged and renders ludicrous what might be the effect of women getting, as we say, out of their sphere. There really seems to be nothing new in this world.

Macaulay has said: "If there be a word of truth in history, women have always been, and still are, over the greater part of the globe, humble companions, playthings, captives, menials, beasts of burden. Except in a few happy and highly civilized communities, they are strictly in a state of personal slavery. Even in those countries where they are best treated, the laws are generally unfavorable to them with respect to almost all points in which they are the most deeply interested."

Mme. De Stael-Holstein says that there is something in an inharmonious marriage which transcends all human misery. She probably learned this by experience. She did not love her first husband or pretend to love him—she accepted him because of her parent's approval. In her second venture she picked herself, clandestinely wedding M. Rocca, an Italian army officer much younger than herself. Her reason for secrecy was that she did not wish to lose the name she had made illustrious in literature. She was right. Who would have suspected Mme. De Stael in Mme. Rocca?

Sara Bernhardt and Her Children.

[New Haven Union.] Mile. Sara Bernhardt, the celebrated French actress, who has several children but who has never had a husband, dined at the Marlborough House last Sunday with the prince and princess of Wales. What a torture this must have been for the princess! When her liege lord was in Paris he spent a great deal of his time with the eccentric Sara, and was only prevented from escorting her to the race course on a Sunday by a peremptory command from his royal mother not to do it. The actress feels that she can make the prince the mark. Once he entered her presence with his hat on and she failed to notice him. This brought him to terms, and since then he has treated her with the deference due a princess. Of course the other female members of the Comedie Francaise Company are very envious of Sara, but if there are any virtuous ones among the number they should not be. What must be the case with amazement is that this actress, who openly leads a life of shame, is admitted to the highest so-

cial circles in France and England. This would be a fine text for Brother Talmage to preach upon during his stay in London. He is fond of sensations, and it is rarely that such a chance is offered to a man of his love of notoriety to shake up the rotten fabric upon which the fashionable society of Europe exists.

MUSICAL NOTES.

[Prepared for the Sentinel.]

"Pinafore" has been given more than 200 times at the Boston Museum.

There are a large number of normal music schools being held this summer.

The prospects are that "Pinafore" will have a greater run this coming season than last.

Wilhelm, the greatest living violinist, is taking a summer rest at the Catskill Mountains.

Henry David Palmer, better known as Henry Palmer, of the firm of Jarrett and Palmer, died in London, July 10th.

Mapleson, the great English opera manager, has engaged an orchestra of fifty-eight men, for his engagements in this country the coming season.

Mr. D'Oyley Carte is in New York, making arrangements to give "Pinafore" and a new work under the direct supervision of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Henry Smart, one of England's greatest organists and composers, is dead. Just before his death the queen bestowed upon him a yearly pension of £100 from her own private purse. A new orchestra called "Philharmonie" has been organized in Boston, with Mr. Bernhard Listemann as director. The object of the organization is to give a series of symphony concerts.

The national training school for music, held its final public concert Monday, June 24, in St. James Hall, London. The prince and princess of Wales were present. Dr. Arthur Sullivan conducted. An audience of about 3,000 assembled at Park Garden, Providence, R. I., last week to hear "Pinafore" in the open air, and "on a real ship on real water." The performance was a pronounced success. The ship was 110 feet long and fully rigged.

Max Maretzek has organized an English opera company, and will give six operas, viz: "The Two Peters," by Lortzing; "Rabodon," by Giorza; "The Dove," by Gounod; "Doctor of Alcantara," by Elieberg; "Sleepy Hollow," a new opera, by Maretzek; and "Fatiniza," the rival of "Pinafore," by Herr von Suppe.

GENERAL NEWS.

R. F. Wolcott and wife, of Claremont, N. H., celebrated their golden wedding last week. In their family not a single death has occurred in three generations, and every member was present at the joyful anniversary.

The Saturday Review says that the frugality and quickness of intellect of the Welsh often secure them advancement and prosperity, especially in retail trade; and yet it is odd that no Welshman ever attained, in any walk of life, the highest order of eminence.

One of the points made by Buford's lawyer in the attempt to prove him hereditarily insane was that his father had married an own cousin; the father and mother looked so much alike that they were frequently mistaken for brother and sister. One of Buford's brothers and a sister died insane.

The average of mortgages upon the farming lands of France is but 5 percent. In England it is but 58. The United States have but 3,900,000 proprietary agriculturists. France, with a vastly smaller area, has 6,000,000, 5,000,000 of whom are small farmers. England has but 250,000 land holders, and 12 percent only of the people till the soil; the rest are engaged in manufacturing and other pursuits. One million are paupers.

There never was so dull a summer theatrical season in New York as the present. The only theater open is the Lyceum, where the colored Georgia minstrels give an entertainment good enough to attract large audiences in spite of warm evenings. The other theatres are actively preparing for an autumn campaign, and many of them notably Booth's Theatre, Wallick's and the Union Square—are in the hands of carpenters, painters and upholsters, and will make a gallant appearance on the opening night.

The profits of the "Black Crook" were \$450,000, of which William Wheatley received half and Jarrett & Palmer half. At its close Jarrett & Palmer paid Wheatley \$40,000 for his interest, wardrobe, properties and effect, and produced the "White Pawn," a piece on the model of the "Black Crook," which was a comparative failure. They subsequently, deeming Niblo's too low down, took Booth's Theatre, where Edwin and Junius Booth had been successively bankrupted, at a rental of \$40,000 a year. They made great successes with "Henry V." and "Julius Caesar," but, being unable to keep the theatre steadily at a paying point, they resigned it and entered on the sale enterprise, in conducting which Mr. Palmer died in England, and which yielded and was continuing to yield large profits. Mr. Jarrett has made arrangements to have all the disbursements in Russia, London and elsewhere fulfilled. He says that death has dissolved the greatest theatrical partnership that ever existed, and he will now give Mr. Palmer the greatest theatrical funeral that New York has ever seen.

We congratulate Messrs. Wheelock, Finlay & Co., of New Orleans, La., upon their happy idea of giving to the public information of the contents of Dr. F. Wilhoft's Anti-Periodic or Fever and Ague Tonic, which of late has gained such well-deserved popularity among the people. As far as we know, this is the only proprietary remedy for the cure of Chills and Fever, the composition of which is not kept a secret. For sale by all druggists.

THE KEELY MOTOR.

A Chicago Man Seen It, and Tells of Its Real Wonders—It Will Supercede Powder in Projecting Missiles of Death.

To the Editor of the Inter-Ocean:

No. 40 Union Square, New York, July 17.—I called on Mr. Keely, of the Keely motor fame, in Philadelphia; told him I was a Chicago man, and would like to see his machine. He explained it all to me, except one thing—that is, why and where he could get 50,000 pounds of pressure in one second from the mixing of a few tablespoonfuls of water with common air. He puts a little water in a steel cylinder, made in form of a dome set on the upper end of a straight tube on a cylinder.

The diameter of the dome is about 12 inches, that of the tube 8 inches. The walls of the dome are 4 inches thick, the cylinder 3½. So the opening in the center is small. He puts the water in the cylinder and closes the valve, and up goes the pressure to 52,000 pounds to the square inch in one second. Then, with that vapor pressure, he charges other cylinders, and from them he runs an engine all day. He also shoots bullets through a rifled barrel, and sends the ball through a 4-inch plank. One of the cylinders is 30 inches long and 9 in diameter, with a 4-inch hole in the center, leaving the wall 1½ inches thick, and is made of the best steel. With that one cylinder, charged with vapor up to 52,000 pounds pressure, he can shoot 100 balls 1 inch in diameter, and send them through a 4-inch steel plate and four inches of oak plank. He says he is getting up a heavy gun, and that he can discharge it 60 times per minute, and throw a 500-pound shot 10 miles, or pierce any ironclad that floats in one second. He says the powder is sure used in our best guns gives 35,000 pounds pressure when discharged. With this he gets 52,000 to the inch. His engine for delivering power is made of vibration plates; the power is taken or produced by vibration, the same as the wall of a bell after it has been struck by a hammer. These vibrations will give off power as long as the bell vibrates. He has a way of utilizing the vibratory motion of those plates. He is now building a large engine of several hundred horse power. This motor has to be charged and discharged, and then recharged. He can get 52,000 pounds pressure instantaneously, and the next second he has a vacuum, and is ready to be recharged. This wonderful vapor can be held in other cylinders, and then spin it out to run small engines, of any desired power, or use some cylinders to discharge heavy guns. The pipe through which he leads this vapor to the cylinders from the motor is copper, one inch in diameter outside, with a hole in the center that a caubric needle will not pass through, and through that small opening his vapor power passes in sufficient amount to run a 500-horse engine. He has got five different stock companies formed, with millions of capital. He promised to send for me to see the government experiment with a large gun.

Respectfully yours,

The Large Advance

Which has taken place in Raw Material.

WOOL, COTTON AND SILK!

Will naturally make all goods manufactured of these materials MUCH HIGHER PRICES than they have been.

Messrs.

Root & Company

Having invested largely before any advance took place, will continue to sell their entire stock of

WOOLEN GOODS!
COTTON GOODS!
SILK GOODS!

Until Sept. 1st at OLD PRICES.

Special Bargains

In all Departments the next 30 days, to clear out SUMMER GOODS.

GREYDINES! All marked.
ORGANDIES!
SUMMER SILKS! Down in
LAWNS!
PARASOLS! Price to Close
SUN UMBRELLAS!
LADIES' SUITS! Out Before
CHILDREN'S SUITS! Sept. 1st.

OUR CARPET DEPARTMENT

Is replenished daily with new and choice Patterns of

BOY DISSUELS!
EXOTIC CARPETS!
CHOICE INCREASE!
HALL & STAIR CARPETS!
CURTAIN GOODS!
OIL CLOTHS!
RATTINGS!
Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

Which we will sell UNTIL SEPT. 1st at the same LOW PRICES of the past season. Notwithstanding the fact that there has been a large advance in the cost of the goods.

Root & Company

46 and 48 Calhoun Street.

ALE AND PORTER.

Glutting & Christen

Have just received a large lot of

Dayton Cincinnati Ale Porter.

They will sell it by the bottle, gallon, keg or barrel. They have always a good stock of Old Scotch Ale on hand. This is really the best drink in use for summer or for sickly persons. Ask your physicians and see what they say about it. For sale at

GLUTTING & CHRISTEN'S,
34 East Columbia Street.

ROBERT OGDEN,

Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter

Iron and Lead Pipe, Brass Goods

OF ALL KINDS.

125 Calhoun Street, PORT WAYNE, IND.

LOUIS WOLF

Exceptional Bargains

DRESS GOODS

And Wool Twilled Debaige.

On case fine and soft, in five different styles of Greys and Browns, 48 in. wide, at 55c per yard.

25 pieces of All Wool Bunting,

in all the desirable shades, at 25c per yard.

50 pieces of Royal Cashmeres

at 18c per yard.

Monie Cloths

reduced to 30c per yard.

Scotch Zephyrs

marked down from 35c to 25c per yard.

I ask attention to these goods, as they are reduced 25 percent.

In addition to the above

GREAT BARGAINS

I open a new line of

Organdies and Lawns
In which are many novelties in shade and pattern, and shall continue to offer them at the lowest cash prices.

Dress Goods Department.

Customers will find all my novelties, Organdies, Camels Hair Cloths, &c., at a great reduction from the prices of a few weeks since.

Louis Wolf,
No. 7 Keystone Block,
Calhoun Street,
PORT WAYNE, IND.

Daily Sentinel.

THE "SENTINEL"

Has the Largest Bona Fide Circulation of Any Daily Paper in the State, outside of Indianapolis. Advertisers and Others are Invited to Call at this Office and Verify this Assertion.

THE CITY.

P. D. Smyser—girl.

Vote for water works.

Regatta on the St. Joe next Friday.

The superior court meets Monday.

Water works election next Tuesday.

L. D. Keil leaves for the east today.

The Detroit excursionists have returned.

The Arion Society will give another fete soon.

Jessie Dixon trots to-day at Plainwell, Mich.

The farmers are raking in the money these times.

Water works meeting in the ninth ward to-night.

The public schools will re-open in about six weeks.

Judge Sinclair will pass the heated term at Dixon, O.

Thos. M. Glenn has removed from Valparaiso to this city.

Miss Maggie Hausbach is lying very ill at her home on Henry street.

Frank Hascall, cashier of the Salem Bank at Goshen, Ind., is in the city.

Immense stones are being laid in the foundation of the Masonic Temple.

Fred Boltz is practicing every evening for his approaching race with Kelly.

Julius Redelsheimer and wife are domiciled at the Broadway House, Peru.

The Chicago Turn-Verein passed through the city yesterday en route for Philadelphia.

S. B. Sweet left for Defiance this morning to attend the funeral of the late Peter Hilty.

There was a fair crowd at the park last evening and the matinee passed off quite pleasantly.

Mrs. Geo. Fowler and children are spending the heated term at a pleasant summer resort in Canada.

John D. Olds returned from Petoskey yesterday accompanied by Mrs. Chas. Olds and her child.

John W. Hayden will represent the Gazette on the forthcoming Indiana editorial excursion to Colorado.

Mrs. William Quinn has returned to Valparaiso after a pleasant visit with her daughters in this city.

An amphitheatre is being built on the St. Joe banks to accommodate spectators at the regatta next Friday.

Another important witness has been discovered in the Sheehy case. It is said that he will give some startling testimony.

Every reader of the SENTINEL today gets, without extra charge, a supplement filled with interesting reading matter.

July statistics: Thirty-seven deaths, twenty-nine marriages, eight building permits, and fifty-eight arrests by the night police.

A liberal installment of Wilkie Collins's great novel, "The Yellow Mask," will be found in our supplement to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Bell, accompanied by W. L. Graft and Misses McCrea and Willard, of Muncie, left for Rome City this morning.

Tom Meegan, the magnate of the Gazette, will shortly leave for the east. He will spend a few weeks at the leading watering places, and will pick his teeth at the most fashionable and expensive hotels. Such is the life of a journalist.

Mary Able wants a divorce from Anton Robert Able. They were married on the 28th of June, 1869, at Muskingum, O. The plaintiff charges cruel treatment and habitual drunkenness. She wants \$15 per week and the custody of the child until the matter is legally settled.

Great preparations are being made for the Northern Indiana fair. The farmers, having had big crops, will be on hand in force. Our merchants and business men will surpass all their previous efforts in the way of displays. There will be some decided novelties in the way of attractions, and an immense crowd is to be expected.

Attention is directed to the card of Dr. von Moschizker, in the "City Features" column. The doctor has met with excellent success in his practice in this city, and is highly esteemed as a gentleman and a scholar. The SENTINEL can heartily recommend the doctor to the favorable consideration of all who are afflicted with the diseases to which he pays special attention.

C. Tresselt has gone east.

City pay roll for July, \$2,639.68.

City orders issued during July, \$5,514.31.

James M. Boone is strong for water works.

George Reiter has returned from Detroit.

The trustees of the medical college meet to-night.

The Agricultural Society is in session this afternoon.

Fred Peitzinger's infant child was buried yesterday.

Henry Hitzeman is the happy proprietor of a new girl.

The infant child of Willis Driver is rapidly improving.

The Fort Wayne regatta promises to be a grand success.

Fred Meyers's funeral takes place to-morrow afternoon.

Sheriff Munson has returned from his visit to Clay county.

The court house dome painting improvements have been suspended.

Peter Ziegler, formerly of this city, is keeping a saloon at Defiance, O.

An unusual large number of farmers' teams are on the street to-day.

State Treasurer Fleming, wife and children return from Indianapolis to-day.

Arthur Dodge is building a patent ladder for the use of farmers in gathering corn.

C. C. Crabbs, of Fort Wayne, was registered at the Gale House, Cincinnati, yesterday.

Joe Swan, formerly of this city, is now clerking in the Washab offices at Lafayette Junction.

The case of the state vs. Carey has been carried to the supreme court by the prosecuting attorney.

Mrs. Piatter, who has been visiting friends in this city, returned to her home in Lafayette to-day.

The funeral of Fred Myers will take place from Emanuel's Church to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Now comes a man who wants dogs, cats, cows, hogs, geese and chickens muzzled—the cows at both ends.

Miss Inez Eaton of Crestline, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. W. E. Davis, returned home yesterday.

Wright Rookhill lost a package of valuable papers to-day between the Muncie depot and the Hamilton Bank.

Mrs. Stahl, who was injured recently in a runaway accident, was removed to her father's home at Huntertown.

Theodore Thomas's orchestra, sixty strong, from the College of Music, Cincinnati, will perform at the Academy in December.

Phil Lordier has returned home from a week's hunt, and was agreeably surprised to find a twelve-pound boy in his game bag.

Coroner Gaffney was forced to give up work at the Fruit House yesterday on account of sickness. He is on duty again to-day.

Hon. J. K. Edgerton is about to erect a handsome three-story brick building on West Main street, adjoining the plow works.

Foster Brothers' trade for the month of July was nearly 50 percent heavier than for the same month last year. Truly business is commencing to "boom."

The infant child of Nicholas Hudt, living on Montgomery street, was badly bruised about the head yesterday by falling from her little sister's arms to the pavement.

The undertakers get their burial permits several weeks after the bodies are buried. It would be about the same thing to get married first and get a marriage license afterward.

Westrum undertook to levy on a pair of mules at Mayville, yesterday, but he couldn't get close enough to read the attachment notice. Each mule had no less than thirteen iron-clad hoofs.

The building materials piled up in front of the old Jacobson building are the source of great annoyance to street travel. A constant blockade is the result of the obstructions placed in the way.

Two or three nights since a boy was detected in the act of tapping the till of Dorman & Hitzman's grocery store on Barr street. The boy was cuffed well and allowed to depart in peace—or rather in pieces.

The Gazette says the SENTINEL thinks of starting a Sunday morning paper. Not much. The SENTINEL is content with printing the leading and most largely circulated daily and weekly paper in Northern Indiana.

Attention is called to the advertisement in another column of the reduced rates of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. This company was organized April 12th, 1842. From thirty-six years of actual experience it may be expected to approximate very closely what it costs to insure human life. It is now the greatest financial institution in the world. In 1858, when the present chief executive officer was chosen, the assets of this company were only \$2,548,302; to-day they are \$30,000,000. Some idea of the magnitude of its operations and of the economy that has pervaded its management may be gained from the statement that since organization this company has collected in premiums \$193,678,708.69 and

has returned to policy-holders \$135,545,591.28, and yet holds as security for the payment of future claims \$90,000,000. This shows interest earnings of over \$32,000,000. Such figures suggest a statement from the treasury department rather than from an insurance company. There is no doubt but the Mutual Life is the strongest and safest company on this continent, and its rates are the lowest.

Yesterday it was discovered that a mistake had been made in laying the west wall of the Masonic Temple, and it was taken up. There was an extension of a foot too much toward the west. The contractor claims that the fault was with the architect.

Lafayette Courier: The press of Fort Wayne is clamorous for the muzzling of all dogs, and the suppression of "cat concerts" by the immersion of the felines in a "barrel of soft soap."—The SENTINEL feels highly complimented at being termed "the press of Fort Wayne," but the Courier is about as near right as possible.

Yesterday afternoon Constable Graham made a levy on John McMullan's horse to satisfy an execution. Last evening Mac. came down town and, meeting Graham, tackled him and applied to him a number of opprobrious epithets which might a great deal better have been left unsaid. The claim must be satisfied, nevertheless.

The Late Mrs. Schamp.

Mrs. Eliza D. Schamp died at her home near Huntertown on July 29th in the seventy-second year of her age. Mrs. Schamp was born in 1808, in Summerville county, New Jersey. She was married December 28th, 1829, at the age of twenty-one. Her husband still survives her. At the age of twenty-seven she united with the Presbyterian church, of which she remained a consistent member until her death. She moved with her husband and family from her native state in 1832 to Ohio, near Wooster, where they lived until 1881, when they moved to their late residence in Perry township, Allen county, Ind. She leaves a husband and ten children to mourn her loss. On Tuesday evening she bade adieu to her affectionate and devoted husband and children, and departed this life in the triumph of a living faith and redeeming grace. Her last words were—"His race is sufficient for me." She was buried yesterday (Thursday) at 11 a. m. A large concourse of people, relatives and friends, followed her remains to their last resting place. The funeral services, which were very impressive and appropriate, were conducted by Rev. W. H. McFarland, of the Second Presbyterian Church of your city, and were held in the Bel River Baptist Church. Her remains were interred in the graveyard in the rear of the church. We shall miss her genial, social, Christian example in the home circle and in the community, but we hope "that our loss is her eternal gain," and that we shall meet her where parting is no more. X.

John Creter's Grievances.

To the Editor of the SENTINEL:

Fort Wayne, Ind., July 31st, 1879.

—Yesterday on my arrival at Plymouth, I was presented with a copy of the Fort Wayne Gazette purporting more of that mess, and who planned the Burlager robbery, and who executed the plan, and giving something of their history, which is all a willful and malicious lie. I do not deny of having been an employee of the Washab Company. But as for being sacked on account of being suspected being in with a gang of counterfeiters which is also a willful falsehood, and as for being shadowed by any class of men, that is also a lie. On the Saturday that the indictment was found I surely was in town and am now in town; and have not escaped so far but any officers can get me if they wish, and my friend of the Gazette can also see me if he wishes to publish any more of his willful and malicious lies. Yours, anon,

JOHN CRETER.

A Terrible Accident.

The following is taken from an exchange and may be of some local interest, as a great many families of that name reside in this county and several of them from Lancaster county, Pa., where the accident occurred, instead of Berks county as stated:

Miss Lavina Fry, aged twenty, met with a terrible death near Ephrata, Berks county, Pa., on Monday, the 28th ult. She was passing along the public road when a drove of cattle passed by, and an infuriated bull attacked her. Catching her on his horns he tossed her twenty feet across a creek. The animal plunged after her, and on the opposite bank he again caught her on his horns and threw her over a five-rail fence. One horn penetrated her abdomen. Her right hip bone was broken, and she was so badly wounded that she died shortly afterward.

The Mutual Life of New York.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, have paid, through the Detroit general agency, during the past six years, in death losses and matured endowments, \$2,776,507.79, representing 814 deaths and 158 endowments distributed over the states comprising this general agency, as follows: Michigan, \$499,008.41; Indiana, \$405,243.00; Illinois, \$416,848.78; Wisconsin, \$416,848.78; Iowa, \$157,167.58; Minnesota, \$157,167.58.

During the past year this company has returned to policy holders (in thirty-seven states) in death losses, matured endowments, dividends and surrender values, \$14,378,334, being \$45,921 per day—Sundays excepted—or \$1,592 for each working hour! An advertisement in this issue contains points of importance to all persons interested in or contemplating investments in life insurance.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco

MR. HENCH

Defines the Duties of Prosecuting Attorneys in Certain Cases as Provided by Law.

To the Editor of the SENTINEL:

Fort Wayne, Ind., Aug. 1, 1879.

At the request of many friends, I make, through the medium of your paper, a statement relative to my duties as prosecuting attorney of the criminal court. The first question to be considered is, "Have I the legal right to collect fines and the money due upon forfeited recognizances where the fines have been rendered in the criminal court or before justices of the peace, or where forfeitures have been taken before either one of these courts?"

Section 4 of "An act to provide for the election of prosecuting attorneys," approved June 11th, 1852, is as follows: "Such prosecuting and district attorneys, within their respective jurisdictions, shall conduct all prosecutions for felonies or misdemeanors, and all suits in equity, and shall protect the interests of all persons of unsound mind, and superintend, on behalf of the county or of the trust funds, any suit in which the same may be interested or involved, and shall perform all other duties required by law."

It is further provided in this act that: "Every person elected to the office of prosecuting attorney, before entering upon the duties of his office, shall execute a bond in the penal sum of \$5,000, with surety, to be approved in case of a prosecuting attorney, by the judge of the circuit, and the recognizance which shall be filed in these courts, shall be required by the clerk of court, in an order book of the proper court."

The following sections of the act of June 17, 1852, now in force, are in point: "Section 47. If, without sufficient excuse, the defendant neglected to appear for trial or judgment, or upon any other occasion when his presence was lawfully required, or if he failed to appear at the trial of his recognizance, the court may direct the clerk to be entered upon the roll of the court, and the recognizance shall be governed by the rules of civil pleading, so far as applicable thereto."

It seems to me that it does not require much legal acumen to comprehend the sections of the law above cited. The law expressly, and not by implication, by any means, makes it the duty of prosecuting attorneys to conduct "all suits on forfeited recognizances" in the proper court, and also declares when the suit can be instituted. If I am authorized under the law to bring suit upon a forfeited bail bond or recognizance, am I not equally authorized to receive the money due on the bond from the principal or surety before suit as well as after suit? If the law makes me the custodian of the forfeited bond, which it does, and before I institute suit on the bond the surety comes into my office and wishes to "pay the penal sum due," could anyone but a stupid county superintendent believe that under the law I would not have the right to receive the money due on the bond? It might as well be asserted that if the Hamilton Bank should place a promissory note in the hands of its attorney for collection, and before suit was instituted on the note the maker of the note should call upon said attorney to pay it that the attorney could not collect and receive the money due on the note and receipt for the same, but would be limited simply to the bringing of an action in court to collect the amount due on said note.

Some of the ablest lawyers in this city assert that under the law as it stands to-day, prosecuting attorneys have until the expiration of their term of office to make a final report as to all monies collected by such officers by virtue of their office. But I am of the opinion that that is not the law.

An act approved March 10, 1873, section 2, is as follows:

"That in all cases where the prosecuting attorneys have failed for one year after the expiration of any term of office to make a final report as to all monies collected by such officers by virtue of their office, such officers shall be deemed to have abandoned their office, and their successors shall be authorized to institute proceedings to collect and receive the money due on the note and receipt for the same, but would be limited simply to the bringing of an action in court to collect the amount due on said note."

This provision of the law is plain and to the point. It gives prosecuting attorneys one year to collect and pay such fines and forfeitures to the proper treasury and then if they fail to "collect and pay in," the law makes it the duty of the attorney general to collect fines and forfeitures, but not until default is made by such prosecuting attorneys. The law gives the clerk of our circuit courts the right to make two reports each year—every six months. It gives the same right to mayors of cities and justices of the peace and other officers that need not be mentioned.

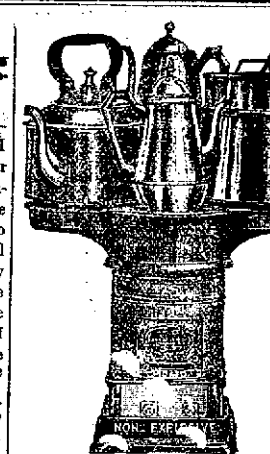
I give as large a bond as the sheriff of Allen county, and three thousand dollars larger than our county auditor or a bond, and half as large as the clerk of the circuit court. The penalty in all of these bonds are fixed by law; why then should I be selected from among all the officers whose duties are defined by law the same as mine, and attempts made to cast reflection upon me, when I have violated no law, and stand ready to discharge all duties required of me by law—both as to the prosecution of crime and the collection of monies due the school fund?

I question the policy of the law that gives officers of any description the right to hold public money for a six months or a year, but yet when the law does give them that right, it seems that it is unjust and infamous to cast or attempt to cast odium upon a public officer when, from a moral and legal standpoint, he has violated no law, human or divine.

SAMUEL M. HENCH

The weary and woe-begone expression of the Dyspeptic is soon changed into one of health and hilarity by using Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills.

Do Not Waste Your Money on inferior machines. When buying get the best. The "New Howe" runs the lightest, sews the fastest, is the easiest operated and the leading sewing machine of the world. — 7,31,3t



Absolutely Safe!

THE CELEBRATED

Adams & Westlake

WIRE GAUZE

NON-EXPLOSIVE

Oil Stove!

—FOR—

Baking, Broiling, Ironing,

BOILING

—My work done on a cook stove.

Expense Less than One Cent per Hour.

PRESCOTT BROS. & CO.

ap1617

Turkish Towels,

25 CENTS.

MORDHURST'S

DRUG STORE,

Opposite Aveline House.



THREE GREAT CITIES OF THE WEST



BY THE CHICAGO & ALTON RAILROAD.

The entire train, consisting of an entirely new and superior equipment of Baggage Cars, Day Cars, Smoking Cars, Palace Sleeping Cars, Pullman Dining Cars, and Pullman Parlor Cars, can run through direct, without change, from

ANOTHER.

The Fourth Ward Holds a Big Water Works Meeting.

Speeches by Col. Robertson, Robert Stratton and M. L. Graff.

Pete Kiser, Bill Lintag and Chris. Orr as Opponents--Committees Appointed.

A fair audience assembled last night at Anderson's Hall for the purpose of appointing committees for the fourth ward, and to further discuss water works. The meeting was called to order and Col. Robertson elected chairman, with P. J. Fallon as secretary. The chairman stated the object of the meeting and made a few very interesting remarks in favor of water works. It was a disgrace to the city that, while almost every city and town in the state having a population of from 5,000 and upwards has water works, Fort Wayne, the third city in the state, has no protection whatever, but now the time had come and the speaker had no doubt of the result.

Bill Lintag, who has no clearly defined idea about water works or water, undertook to say something which nobody could understand. He sat down amid tremendous applause.

Clem Kiser was opposed to water works, and wanted to ask whether in case the people voted against them a private company could come in and build water works. On being informed that such was the case, he said the people might just as well vote for water works then and be done with it. [Applause.]

The following committees were then appointed: Finance--S. C. Lumbard, E. G. Anderson, H. C. Graff. Transportation--John Leggett, Alf. Dyer, Geo. Ely.

Being called for, Robert Stratton came forward and exhorted the people to make no mistake this time. It was necessary to the health as well as the prosperity of the city that water works be built. He wanted no monopoly. Stock companies are selfish, and we might as well depend upon a stock company for pure air as for pure water. In reference to the debt it would incur, that was simply a legitimate result of enterprise. To be successful you must risk debt. The city is now at a stand still, and it must either go forward or backward; which way the people must decide next Tuesday.

We have many manufacturing and other industries, but the city owes them protection. This enterprise will benefit others, and the coming generation may yet see Fort Wayne with a population of over 50,000.

Chas. McCulloch made a statement in regard to the cost and plan of the water works, which has already been published, and stated that while Mr. Lane two years ago had estimated iron at \$40 per ton, Mr. Cook estimated it at \$27, and a Philadelphia firm had already offered to deliver it for \$25. The plan provides for the protection of every part of the city, and the people would have water works and no mistake.

Peter Kiser came forward and exposed the nefarious scheme in a manner that made the guilty advocates of this great "king steel" tremble with fear. The exposure was terrific.

Myer Graff followed with a rousing speech for water works, after which three cheers were given for water works and the meeting adjourned.

After the meeting Chas. Orr entertained a number of friends by giving them a free circus on the corner. He spoke very eloquently and equally nonsensically. In the course of his speech he alluded to the fact that while the water works were only to cost \$270,000 they were going to issue \$300,000 of bonds. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "don't it look like a steal? What are they going to do with that extra \$30,000. I say, what are they going to do with that extra \$30,000?" A little boy in the crowd yelled out that "they're going to take it to buy Wines' dam."

The distinguished gentleman got very wrathful, and made several more attempts to speak, but was each time laughed down. Finally, giving the matter up in disgust, he wheeled about and faced for home, doubtless well pleased and satisfied with the death blow he had given to water works.

Religious.

Bishop Bowman left for Potoskey last night.

Nearly every church in the city is substantially out of debt.

The Third Street M. E. Church is rapidly growing in membership.

It is whispered that a popular young divine of this city will be married in the fall.

The Second Presbyterian people have decided not to erect a new church this season.

The repairs of the First Presbyterian Church will be completed in about three weeks.

The Rev. C. C. Tate will preach his farewell sermon at Trinity Church one week from to-morrow.

A fine opportunity will be given our citizens to attend the Lafayette camp meeting to-morrow. The train leaves at 6.50 a. m. and returns at 9.30 p. m.

Dr. Gram, of Ligonier, Ind., will preach at the Church of God, corner of Dewald street and Highland avenue, to-morrow morning and evening at the usual time.

Father Brammer will preach a sermon

mon to young men to-morrow morning at the cathedral. The Young Men's Society and the Father Matthew Society will partake of communion in a body.

An interesting "covenant meeting" took place at the Baptist Church last night.

It is rumored that the Rev. A. Marine, now presiding elder of this district, will shortly be transferred to Indianapolis, where he will succeed the Rev. J. H. Bayless as pastor of Roberts Park Church.

Dr. Stone preaches to-morrow morning on "Christ's Real Presence with His People and Their Perpetual Enjoyment of His Active Sympathy," and will administer the Lord's Supper directly after the sermon, as usual. This will be the doctor's last service previous to his vacation, as he leaves for Potoskey with his wife next Wednesday.

TAKE A TRAMP.

Three Young Boys Skip Out Together.

Their Desire to Take a Few "Views Afoot."

Last evening as Dr. Stemen's family assembled around the hash board, a painful vacancy was observed in the chair usually occupied by Master Milton Stemen. Investigation disclosed the fact that Master Milton had not been seen loafing around the premises since morning, and soon it developed that August Farnin's boy, aged about 13, was also missing, likewise Mr. Deegan's boy, both neighbors of Dr. Stemen. It did not take long to develop the fact that the boys had eloped with each other--that is, skipped out. Later in the evening Mr. Deegan's boy returned and disclosed the fact that the boys had gone off on a tramp. Dr. Stemen at once made inquiries, and learned that his son had taken passage on a Wabash freight train, but had been put off the train at New Haven by the conductor, since which time nothing has been heard from him.

The doctor has telegraphed and written to various points and expects to hear from his wayward son soon. The boy was only about thirteen years old, and no reason can be assigned for his strange action excepting childish fancy and a poisoned mind.

BREVITIES.

Mercury at 2 p. m., 95°.

Ortlieb's saloon is undergoing repairs.

Mr. Lankens, of Adams county, is in town.

Friend's Enterprise is 12 solid for water works.

"Sawdust Jim" honors the city with his presence to-day.

Councilman Vordermark has returned from the east.

Raoline's collar shop is solid (nine votes) for water works.

Mrs. G. W. Wood is sunning among the Adirondacks.

The fortune telling birds are still an institution of the city.

Conover has quit the newspaper business and is now training racers.

The Wabash excursion will leave Fort Wayne for Lafayette at 6.50 in the morning.

Foreman Dan Campbell is all torn up because he can vote but once for water works.

The Muncie shops, freight office and general offices stand: For water works, 40; against, 9.

Jack Christian will go with the Murny ships to Lafayette to run a boarding house.

A Jefferson street widow lost some letters which proved highly interesting to the finder.

The Peters Box and Lumber Company voted on water works to-day: For, 40; against, 4.

Jack Dehahn has returned from Lafayette, where he was a few days looking after the interests of Kerr Murray.

Several anonymous communications on the subject of water works have been received. If the authors will give us their names the letters will be printed, but not otherwise.

In the mortuary report of yesterday were omitted the reports of the death of Catharine Link, aged two years, Margaret Leiver, aged fifty-two years, and the infant child of Fred. Petzinger.

Charles and Eliza Nestel have received a special invitation from the committee of the Red and White Ribbon Club of Three Rivers, Mich., to attend their grand excursion on next Wednesday, August 6th.

A well-known resident of Montgomery street returned home late last night in a beastly state of intoxication, and with a butcher knife in his hand drove his wife and children out of the house and into the street. They were cared for by the neighbors until the husband and father's drunken frenzy had subsided. No arrests.

A SENTINEL reporter to-day took a vote on water works, from the canal bridge to the railroad, on the west side of Calhoun street. The list does not include business houses, but merely the votes of pedestrians who were met on the street. The vote resulted as follows:

For water works.....128

Against.....5

Doubtful.....5

BARREL'S BUST.

It Landed Him Before His Honor This Morning.

A Lucid Account of a Serious Difficulty.

John Barrel was up this morning--that is, to police court, that was this morning. He was up last evening, too. Last evening he was up a stump, a spout; that is to say, he was full to the brim--very much full. John is a barrel. A barrel holds four kegs. John knew it. He tried it. It wouldn't work. One barrel filled him. It was beer. It made him mad. He got mad--angry, as it were. He fired glass-ware and queenware and hardware, and he "hooped" around and he wanted to "bang" the whole family, and be "staved" things. Then the little Barrel, that is, one of the boys, went down to the police station, and made a revelation regarding the condition of things, and the captain sent a pair of officers up there who knocked that barrel in the "head" and brought him down to the shop. This morning the mayor propounded the following conundrum: "If a herring and a half cost a cent and a half, how long will it take you to pay \$6 and costs?" Barrel gave it up.

Jacob Mosheimer failed to answer to the call. James Shaffer was here. The reporter could not exactly get to the bottom of this affair, but it appears that there was an out-house somewhere that was a nuisance. What this out-house had to do with Shaffer and Mosheimer does not clearly appear, but, at any rate, Mrs. Shaffer or somebody hammered the mush out of somebody else, and Mosheimer hammered a slung shot on the nose of William Mosheimer, and Shaffer sat down on Mosheimer and chucked him, and that was the fuss is about. Trautman arrested Mosheimer and Shaffer to equalize the out-house. The reporter fainted during the examination, and only recovered in time to hear the mayor say:

"Mr. Shaffer, it appears that somebody got hurt, thumped as it were, therefore, Mr. Shaffer, owing to the--" Mr. Shaffer is acquitted.

THE RAILROADS.

C. H. Walton returned to-day from Englewood.

C. E. Gorham arrived in this city to-day on No. 2.

The Wabash passenger engine No. 55 is on the sick list.

The Wabash is laying a new side track on Kansas street.

Engine No. 181 will be out of the Pittsburgh shops to-day.

The Wabash boys will excurt to Rome City on the 9th inst.

One hundred excursionists from Lisbon went to Rome City to-day.

The Toledo Pony, No. 81, has arrived at the Wabash hospital for repairs.

The Wabash employees will give a grand excursion to Rome City on the 9th inst.

Engine No. 23, of the Wabash, left the shop yesterday afternoon for Toledo.

The new Wabash turn-table in the old Wabash round-house has been completed.

Wabash engine No. 39 is convalescent. She will soon be discharged from the hospital.

Engine No. 190, of the Wabash, left the shop to-day. She will ply between here and Lafayette.

Engine Sullivan, of the Wabash, has changed his base of operations from Huntington to Wabash.

The Wabash will run a special excursion train to Lafayette to-morrow. The round trip fare will be \$1.75.

Engineer Reub Monroe, of the Pittsburgh road, returned yesterday from an extended trip through the east.

Peter Travers, of the Pittsburgh, was hit with a chunk of coal thrown by some malicious person a few days since.

Thirty-two freight trains passed east on the Wabash to-day, averaging forty cars each, mostly loaded with wheat and live stock.

Three companies of United States troops passed through the city last night, over the Pittsburgh, en route for Fort Snelling, D. T.

To-day has been the biggest freight day on record on the Wabash. Between sixty-five and seventy trains were moved between Fort Wayne and Lafayette.

A decree of foreclosure and order of sale of the Fort Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw Railway was filed in the United States circuit court yesterday morning, the sale to take place within two months. The sale is subject to the right-of-way claims, the court reserving the right to make them a lien on the property in the hands of the purchasers. The amount of deposit at the time of the bid has been placed at \$5,000.

Madison township has a live trustee. This summer he will build two new frame school houses, and in a few days he will advertise for bids for a brick school building in Hoagland.

Mark down Fox's restaurant 11 for water works; none against.

CITY FEATURES.

A Card to the Public.

On my arrival here, in order to secure without delay the public confidence, I found it necessary to publish statements from well known, reliable men of Indianapolis, Evansville, Terre Haute, Lafayette and other places--gentlemen who had been most successfully treated by me. As their names were well known in Fort Wayne it served my purpose. I was at once consulted by the very best citizens, who placed themselves under my treatment. Their names by special permission have been published, and they can be referred to as to the satisfaction given them by my treatment. Feeling assured that my reputation here is now fully established, and that there is no further necessity for expensive advertising, I withdraw the columns. I desire simply to say to all who need my treatment, especially in Catarrh, Throat, Lung and Chest Disease, Asthma and Deafness, etc., that they can still be treated by me. Having reduced expenses, my fees from to-day will be within the reach of all who want my medical services in cases specially treated by me with the utmost success, and they should call at once.

F. A. VON MOSCHISKE, M. D., 811a Office, Aveline House.

HENRY W. BOND.

Is offering extraordinary bargains to close out his stock as soon as possible. The variety is too great to enumerate. Ladies are securing bargains every day, and all in want of cheap goods should call at once. Such low prices and great bargains will not be offered again. H. W. BOND, Novelty Store.

Appointments can be made by telephone with Dr. Weisell, dentist, at

A great day at Rome City next Thursday.

A TRIP BY WAY OF THE LAKES.

To Mackinac and other Lake Points.

If you contemplate taking a trip for pleasure and rest, you cannot choose one that will fill the bill better than to take passage on one of those beautiful steamers of the Northern Transit Company leaving Toledo every morning (except Monday) at 8 o'clock.

For excursion rates, tickets and other information apply to

SAMUEL B. SWEET, Ag't, Wabash Railway.

REMOVED.

Geo. W. Long, Dentist,

to his new rooms over Mayer & Graff's jewelry store, corner of Calhoun and Columbia streets, where he can be found at all hours of the day and night. Prices in keeping with the times. 5-14-79m.

Fresh oysters, 30c and 40c.

FRUIT HOUSE.

The Rapidly Increasing Popularity of the New Howe Sewing Machine.

"The New B," since its introduction is simply wonderful, surpassing anything known in the history of the sewing machine business in this country. 7-31-81.

Free Lunch to-night!

At Gus Strodel's old reliable, consisting of veal, ham, cold, slaw, potato sauce, etc. Best beer in Indiana on draught. Don't forget the place.

No Advantage on Meats.

Sugar cured hams, per pound, 5c.

Sugar cured shoulders, per pound, 5c.

Pickled pork, 6c; sides, 7c.

FRUIT HOUSE.

The Kentucky Liquor Store.

No. 14 East Columbus street, keeps the best and finest assortment of liquors. Call and see for yourself. 6-28-83m. MAX RUBIN & Co.

Recalled.

that Mr. Howe was the original inventor of sewing machines, and gave twenty years of his life to perfecting his machine. 7-31-81.

Selling Off at Cost.

Do not delay to secure the bargains at Bond's Novelty Store. All goods at cost to close business. Henry W. Bond. 7-14-81.

There will be a Harvest Home Picnic and Farmers' Festival at Rome City Thursday, of next week, August 7th. It is proposed to celebrate the year of plenty. The intention is to have a grand holiday on the strength of the great harvest that has just been gathered. Excursion trains will run from Winchester, Fort Wayne, Muncie and Logansport on that day. Splendid music will be provided and an interesting programme given. Rev. M. Crosey is managing the affair.

New Grapes, Peaches, Watermelons, Nutmeg Melons.

Lavton Blackberries 12c per quart, fresh Grapes 12c per pound.

FRUIT HOUSE.

The Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad Company are selling round trip tickets, at greatly reduced rates, to Traverse City, Potoskey and Mackinac. Go north and enjoy the delightful weather and superb fishing among the woods and lakes of Michigan.

Granulated and cut loaf sugar, 9c per pound.

Powdered and crushed sugar, 9c.

Rio coffee, 10c; best rio, 15c.

FRUIT HOUSE.

The excursion train to Rome City next Thursday for the Harvest Picnic leaves at 10:00 a. m.

THE DOGS AIN'T ALL MUZZLED YET!

I have received THIS MORNING a new lot of Muzzles at low price.

55 E. LADY, 30 East Main street.

AGRICULTURAL FAIR

Amusement Festival

AT FORT WAYNE, 22d to 26th September, 1879.

\$4,000 IN PREMIUMS

Largest Purses for Speed in the State.

The great Hulton Race between the world renowned Selenite Agnaut.

PROF. HARRY GILBERT

MISS HELENE A. THEIRS,

The most daring lady Aeronaut in America.

THE FIRST ANXIOUS OF THE KIND IN THE STATE.

Also many new features of interest besides the usual.

AGRICULTURAL, HORTICULTURAL, MANUFACTURING.

And other branches of industry, including three of Art and Science, all of which promise to be unusually full this year.

The ring amusements will open on

TUESDAY,

With the following novel and interesting exercises of sport, which will be kept up during the week, closing on Friday with a

Grand Cavalcade

of all premium stock marched around the ring, properly ribboned for the occasion, which will be immediately followed by great "Free-for-all" foot, for \$500, and running race for \$200.

First Race Day--Tuesday, September, 23d.

Prizes No. 1, \$100 (Green Race)--TROTTER--Forwards and 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211th, 212th, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302nd, 303rd, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311th, 312th, 313th, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322nd, 323rd, 324th, 325th, 326th, 327th, 328th, 329th, 330th, 331st, 332nd, 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th, 337th, 338th, 339th, 340th, 341st, 342nd, 343rd, 344th, 345th, 346th, 347th, 348th, 349th, 350th, 351st, 352nd, 353rd, 354th, 355th, 356th, 357th, 358th, 359th, 360th, 361st, 362nd, 363rd, 364th, 365th, 366th, 367th, 368th, 369th, 370th, 371st, 372nd, 373rd, 374th, 375th, 376th, 377th, 378th, 379th, 380th, 381st, 382nd, 383rd, 384th, 385th, 386th, 387th, 388th, 389th, 390th, 391st, 392nd, 393rd, 394th, 395th, 396th, 397th, 398th, 399th, 400th, 401st, 402nd, 403rd, 404th, 405th, 406th, 407th, 408th, 409th, 410th, 411th, 412th, 413th, 414th, 415th, 416th, 417th, 418th, 419th, 420th, 421st, 422nd, 423rd, 424th, 425th, 426th, 427th, 428th, 429th, 430th, 431st, 432nd, 433rd, 434th, 435th, 436th, 437th, 438th, 439th, 440th, 441st, 442nd, 443rd, 444th, 445th, 446th, 447th, 448th, 449th, 450th, 451st, 452nd, 453rd, 454th, 455th, 456th, 457th, 458th, 459th, 460th, 461st, 462nd, 463rd, 464th, 465th, 466th, 467th, 468th, 469th, 470th, 471st, 472nd, 473rd, 474th, 475th, 476th, 477th, 478th, 479th, 480th, 481st, 482nd, 483rd, 484th, 485th, 486th, 487th, 488th, 489th, 490th, 491st, 492nd, 493rd, 494th, 495th, 496th, 497th, 498th, 499th, 500th, 501st, 502nd, 503rd, 504th, 50

